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CROMWELL.

History affords few examples of men who have elevated themselves from the lowest to the highest ranks, from insignificance and obscurity to power and notoriety, without incurring slanders innumerable. The inveterate hatred of those who have been opposed, and the malicious envy of those who have been surpassed, is excited. All those whose plans have been frustrated, whose feelings and prejudices have suffered, seek redress in calumniating their author, whom they designate an upstart, and brand as a "low-lived cur." Such was the case with Cromwell. When his star was in its zenith, partizans and zealots lauded him to the skies. Nations admired his wisdom and prudence, while the voice of censure was hushed by fear. No sooner had death put an end to his brilliant career, than hosts of calumniators vied with each other in defaming his character. The bitter enmity so long secretly cherished in the breasts of the royalists, now found vent in the vilest execrations. Feelings that had been restrained and pent up during his life time, now burst forth with the greater fury, like the irruption of hidden fires from the crater of Vesuvius.

In spite of the boasted liberty of Englishmen, they possessed an habitual love of monarchical government, and this had been

deeply wounded. Though the cruelty of Charles had been repeatedly decried, though many had vociferated hearty curses upon his indifference to the welfare of his subjects, and even taken up arms in the defence of their rights; yet when they beheld the royal head severed from its trunk by the keen axe of the executioner, their hearts thrilled with horror, and they started aghast at the completion of their vengeance. The altered demeanor of the captive king had not been without its desired effect. Pity superseded resentment in the breasts of many, and they would even have preferred again to trust the most faithless of men, rather than that he should have been put to death. Cromwell was now to suffer all the odium of this act. Though every expression of reproach or dissatisfaction was stifled while he held the sceptre in one hand, and the sword in the other, yet when his ashes had mingled with the dust, the tongue of slander was let loose. All conspired to render his name infamous. To exculpate themselves from having had any share in the execution of Charles, all spoke of it with abhorrence, and magnified the crime, imputing it to Cromwell alone. The moral good which he had effected, the peril from which he had extricated the nation, and the firm basis upon which he had established the hitherto precarious foreign relations of Great Britain, were all forgotten, they were all swallowed up in the one engrossing recollection that a plebeian had occupied the throne of the Caesars. He was a rebel and a regicide merely because he could not trace his genealogy through a long line of royal ancestors, for of the host of princely usurpers who preceded him, none have received one half of the reproaches that have been showered upon this commoner.

We should not too readily credit the biographical statements of cotemporary historians, for they are liable to be influenced by party spirit, and blinded by personal prejudices. Much less then should we repose implicit confidence in the writings of those whose direct interests depended upon their giving a certain coloring to facts, and moulding the characters of those who figured in a previous administration to suit the tastes of those who then occupied their place, and wielded their power. In

such cases the greatest care is requisite to separate the virgin gold from the dross, to elicit some truth from the overwhelming mass of falsehood. It was in the court of Charles the Second, where there is little probability that Cromwell's merits would be eulogised, or even spoken of unless it were to attribute them to hypocrisy, that the slanders against him chiefly originated. The austere habits, and rigid manners of the Presbyterian, did not accord with the dissolute life of the numerous parasites who basked in the light of royal smiles. No wonder then that to secure the favor of the son, every reproach contained in the dark calendar of crime, was heaped upon the ashes of him who had slain the father. Every pure motive which such men could not comprehend, was converted into an underhand design; every noble act, into an expression of his base hypocrisy. Yet among these and dependant upon their patronage, were the historians to whom was entrusted the delineation of Cromwell's character. Is it surprising then that they should have traduced it? They accuse him of cold blooded murder, and assert that his piety and enthusiasm were but the cloaks under which he concealed his ambitious purposes. They pretend that he always looked forward anxiously to the time when he should humble a monarch's pride, and treat every token of royalty with contempt. If such were his motives, if nought but ambition urged him on, he must indeed have been far-sighted and well versed in human nature, to be able thus to read his future. But there is no circumstance wanting to show that his piety was genuine, that he was sincere in his religion. He was indeed guilty of many excesses, of which the affair in Ireland is a lamentable instance, and perhaps the only one not satisfactorily accounted for. But these should not so heavily weigh against the whole tenor of his life as to nullify the good traits thereof. Much of his severity may be attributed to the rude age in which he lived, and to the daily associations of his life, which were little calculated to produce refinement in sensibility. He may have been led astray by wrong views, but he acted conscientiously. When his conversion took place he was racked by a sense of his past sinfulness, and determined thenceforward to live in accordance with

the divine precepts; not only rigorously to perform every duty, but to *act*, to assert the rights of religion and defend them against its oppressors. He seemed to be impelled onward by a divine influence which not only guided and directed his efforts, but also assisted and protected him in their successful accomplishment.

We should seek evidences of Cromwell's true character in his private as well as public life. His letters lately published by Carlyle, refute the charge of hypocrisy. Many of these were to friends and relatives whom he could not have desired to deceive. With these he certainly could entrust his secret thoughts, and here he surely would have unmasked his purposes. But they all breathe the same spirit of religious enthusiasm. When he devoted his life to that cause which any but the casual observer must acknowledge was one of great importance, it was not ambition with its siren tongue that lured him from the sweet enjoyments of domestic bliss, to engage in the struggle for Right. It was his patriotism that awakened him from the inactivity of social, to participate in the busy scenes of public life. A loved son, called to share with him the hardships and dangers of the "good cause," was numbered with the slain. But instead of uttering anathemas against his enemies, or wreaking vengeance on the innocent to soothe the affliction of his soul, he drank deep draughts of consolation from the pure streams of the gospel.

Cromwell's was a masterly mind, and all the energy of his disposition was brought into action by the circumstances with which he was surrounded. Not only was it necessary for him to combat the open hatred and secret machinations of his enemies, but even among his followers there existed prejudices, engrafted into the very thoughts and feelings of Englishmen, which it required a decisive character and determined spirit to overcome. These he possessed in an eminent degree, together with an extraordinary sagacity in the management of military affairs. Perceiving that the undisciplined Parliamentary forces were far inferior to the regular army, he did not despair of success. He knew that a jealous principle of honor, and a sover-

eign contempt for commoners pervaded the latter, and nerved the arm of every Cavalier. He therefore not only drilled his troops, but inspired them with a new and powerful motive to bravery. He imparted to them his own enthusiasm and religious zeal, persuading them that they were "fighting the good fight of faith," that he fought with the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The Bible was the only code of honor acknowledged by them, and they required no more soul-stirring melodies, no more martial airs to excite their courage than the singing of psalms, and hymns of praise. Could hypocrisy accomplish such a work as this? If religion was but a cloak for his ambition, could not those with whom he came in continual contact detect the deceit? Or did this same hypocrisy pervade the whole army and convert the soldiers into praying men? This last supposition is too repugnant to reason, to deserve serious attention, wherefore we must either believe that these men were deceived in an unparalleled manner, or that both they and Cromwell were sincere. In fine, whatever faults he may have possessed, and we are far from claiming perfection for him, Cromwell was a truly great man, and deserving of better treatment at the hands of his countrymen than exhumation and disgrace

THE POTOMAC.

O'er rocks, o'er hills, through the grassy mead,
Comes the noble river on,
And she champs, and foams,
Like a bridled steed;
To break her knotted thong.
Now stately sweeping o'er the plain
She spreads her bosom wide
Whilst a golden crest
Adorns her breast,
And the lily decks her side.
Now over the edge of the mountain ledge,
She turns to foam once more
And night, and day
She hurls her spray,

With a loud, and sullen roar.
Now circling with a graceful fold
Our Capitol of fame,
As wide and deep
Again she sweeps
Along the level plain,
But hark! what low, and murmuring sound
Breaks from her breast once more,
'Tis the River that weeps
O'er the Hero who sleeps,
Close by the pebbled shore.
Calm is her breast, for the solemn scene
Smooth's down each turbid wave,
Yet she murmurs on,
As she glides along,
Her requiem o'er the grave.

B.

SILENT WORSHIP.

There are some, who believe there is almost an infinity in feeling; that the full maturity of being, the perfection of every attribute of man, can add little to the vividness, the intensity of that, which may emanate from the human heart. Even in the most degraded, the affections possess a latent fervor, which, when called forth, purifies them from all the gross and earthly, and clothes them with a power and enriches them with a grandeur, which would adorn even virtue's festival:—to the fallen being, a guiding light—a cloud by day and fiery pillar by night, which if followed, would cheer the wretched soul and lead it on to safety and to virtue. But it is when the soul breathes a purer air, when the vision grows, like a phantom from the realm of dream, until it throngs every avenue to the soul—when thought is swallowed up in feeling and language knows its insufficiency—when the imperfect has been dazzled by a glimmer of perfection and the mortal has awakened a hidden remembrance of immortality, that the being feels, as did one of old, on the Holy Mount, when convulsive nature told the Infinite was there!

We know it is a favorite belief that emotions naturally seek vent in language—that “out of the fullness of the heart, the mouth speaketh.” But this is not always so. The gushing

torrent may sweep in its course every vestige of reason, and the tongue that would tell, or the hand that would record its power may be buried beneath the surge; while the flood, gathering in power, rolls on in silent swell to the dark ocean of the infinite. Such intensity of feeling is alone expressed by a silent worship, weird and portentous as the awful solitude of nature. Worship, indeed, is one of the most general consequences of our nature. The altar and the prayer has its word in every language. Each hero worships the star that reflects the gaze of her Leander, and the philosopher in his cell, as truly, worships the form of his ideal. Nor is earth its resting place—it seeks its perfection in the angels around the throne of Him, whose love knows no end. Each pleasant recollection past, each glad-some note of present joy, tells man, “thou wert born to worship.” He sees it in the upturned eye, the suffused cheek, the breast heaving with emotion; and Nature, in beautiful emblems, portrays it in all the silence and intensity of its emotion. The gale of Spring, which woke from a thousand *Æolian* harps the song of praise, dies away. Waving floweret censers send their perfume up to Heaven—each grassy worshipper and leafy mourner bows, and all nature seems in silent adoration of her God. But where shall we find such emotion, as is embodied in the silent worship? The patriot sighs, as he hears the winds that once wafted the merry song of the happy heart, now doleful with the stifled sigh and unavailing moan. The land of his fathers is the prey of the tyrant—but though prostrate, though desolate,—is still, is still his native land. That sigh and moan is tuned to melody—the emotion in the patriot’s breast wakes the eloquence of nature, and he hurls upon the tyrant the mandate of freedom. Such intensity is not there.

The exile from his Alpine home—the wandering minstrel, who from door to door, moves the youthful throng with the plaintive melody, which he had sung in happier days, seeks once more his native hills. The wilds and gorgeous sunset of his infancy are around him. Each hill top is yet resonant with the echo of his mother tongue, and every scene is eloquent of home. Some pilgrim’s song tells the tale, the waves of the

enchanted sea, bears to the listening ear the ecstasy of some enraptured soul. Such intensity is not there. It cannot then depend upon the circumstance, as it does upon the man. For deaf must be the ear that heeds not the song of hearth or home! Cold the heart, whose slumbers the thousand voices of native land, do not break! It is not all then that can feel it in its full intensity. Yet the yearning maiden trembles, swelling with the highest attribute of God. The mother's eye glows as with divinity, as she bends in silent adoration o'er her babe. Age totters o'er the verge, tearless, speechless, enwrapt with eternal visions. Sublime, infinite adoration! When the soul swells beyond the confines of self—its tenement of clay, as though the grave had struck its shackles off, and buoyant with its new existence, concentrates the dull feelings of humanity into moments of inspiration, making its idol omnipresent to its every sense, and bathing in the flood of its intensity every object of affection. Mortal; see the stamp of thy immortality! To the individual heart then we must look, and when such a heart is found, the slightest circumstance—a word, a glance may open the full fount of feeling. The first flash that melts the flake, may wake the avalanche. Shelley was his own Alastor. The "lonely herdsmaid" worshipped in silent prayer, the God of battles, and the fading power of that emotion hurled back the English foe, and placed upon the historic page a name without a model, Joan of Arc. Pompey worshipped his ambition, and that emotion made him the "light of Europe, lord of Asia, riding upon the very wings of victory." Miltiades heard the cry of help, and saw the sorrow cast of his native land. We still laugh at the dream of Hippias, and the shout that went up from Marathon still rings in the modern ear. The eternal monument of the Switzer's home moved the meditative Coleridge with an emotion that made the sovereign Blanc his own, and

"he gazed upon it
Till it still present to the bodily sense
Did vanish from his thought—
Till the dilating soul, enwrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

—entranced in prayer
He worshipped the Invisible alone."

Oh! who can know the emotion that swelled the heart of Handel, as he ushered forth but the shadowy figures of the soul-born visions of his Messiah, in music, a language nearer to infinity than verbal utterance, whose very accent is echoed and echoed through new orders of being, and tuned to perfection by the angels in Heaven—the language of the Immortals!

Certain wise men worshipped with untold emotion, a star in the east. At first that emotion bowed but the poor man, and his hut was a temple. Its flame flickered on the altar in the palace of the Cæsars. From the cell and the dungeon, it went up with a faithful endurance. At the stake it bore the soul from flame and faggot, without a pang. It woke the Reformation and it now courses in a thousand streams, the land of the Heathen. Enthralled by its power, the swarthy African and the fair Caucasian—the prince in purple and the beggar in his rags—the young man buoyant with his new career and the old man, shattered by the stroke of age—the perfect saint, with his radiant purity and visions of heaven, and the sinner almost glaring with the fires of perdition, snatched from woe—all, all become children of one Father. Has tyranny trampled the swelling bosom? The sceptre has been shattered and the throne crumbled. Has superstition affrighted the heart in which it dwelt? Low lays the monster. Has persecution branded or treachery deceived?—No! not the arm of power, not the darkness of ignorance, not the furnace nor the flame can check its progress. It is heaven-born and heaven-destined. Place cannot confine it—its dwelling is infinity. Time cannot, its flow is eternal. Seek you this emotion? Each seventh day the song of praise shows it with a shadowy light, and the silent prayer tells the intensity of the emotion—a growing emblem of that which will be, the never ending worship of an infinitude of angels, around the throne of the Eternal in the Heavens.

INEQUALITY.

The indefinite expansion of the human mind is its noblest and most wonderful property. Ever grasping at the infinite, it never reaches infinity. Ever mounting higher and higher in the scale of being, it never attains unto the pinnacle of perfection. God alone is perfect. Man, proud, perishable and transitory, must ever remain in a finite and imperfect state. Still there is in every human soul a wish and a purpose to recover if possible its former beauty and departed dignity. Most men, however, are content with *the wish*, and make but feeble efforts, if any at all, to accomplish so noble a purpose. They are indeed few, in whom we find this passion [for perfection moulded in its brightest form and developed in its fairest proportions. In these it exists supreme and pure, dictating their actions, dignifying their characters, and imparting life, activity and hope to all their toils and struggles. Hence that superiority which distinguishes these men, few as they are, and gifts them with an influence and a sway more potent and more measureless than that of sceptred kings. Hence that inequality which we have ever observed in the progress of the species, and which, we are therefore authorized to infer, is a necessary and everlasting principle in human nature. It is needless for the fierce patriot and the false and ignorant philanthropist to cry that "all men are created equal," and to clamor in favor of the equality of meanness with magnanimity, of vice with virtue, of low and sordid endowments with bright immortal genius. All men are *not* created equal. There are distinctions which none can eradicate. There are inequalities of the moral and the mental which none can remove. The man of a truly great and noble soul, who feels within him the promptings of a principle, "not of earth, earthy," can never be levelled with the multitude. His lofty qualities and virtues will beam and blaze through him, and no storms of adversity, no dark calumnies of the envious many can ever dim their lustre. Conscious of the preternatural energy of his great soul, he wields at his will

myriads of noble hearts, and directs at his pleasure the destinies of the mightiest empires. Elevated to the sublimest height of human greatness and virtue, he looks down with contempt on all the dangers and difficulties and earthly evils that surround his fellow-men. "He fears not death itself," when he reflects that his nobler part is immortal as the source from which it sprang, and that in spite of death and time and fate, he has achieved for himself a dazzling and a deathless fame. In contemplating such an one, who does not perceive that there is a vast and obvious disparity between him and the great mass of mankind? No; it cannot be denied, there are mental barriers which can never be removed. The French people in their wild thoughts of liberty and equality, endeavoured to level all distinctions in the conditions of men by means of that giant instrument of murder, the guillotine. How many thousand heads of noble men and pure patriots rolled from the scaffold in the Place de la Revolution! Yet while this same nation thus endeavoured to remove all inequalities, whilst it denounced its kings, whilst crowns and sceptres were hurled to the dust *sans culottism* rioted in ungoverned fury and violence, the diadem of empire glittered in glory and in triumph on the brow of Napoleon Bonaparte. One man must ever rule the *many*. "No chaos but it seeks a centre to revolve around." The masses as naturally and as strictly obey the man of a superior soul as do the particles of matter the law of gravitation. They feel the want of such a man and they instinctively know and appreciate his worth. They admire and pay deference to the superior and preternatural powers with which he is endowed. "There is a divinity that doth hedge him in," and that potently and wonderfully bends the world to his will. Wealth or circumstances may for a time generate a feeble and ephemeral aristocracy. But the gifted and powerful nobility of nature spring into the world already panoplied and sceptred to rule in princely might the millions that are, and the countless generations yet to be. The orator, whose mind grasps and controls the vast and deep-reaching interests of humanity, whose soul is lighted up with the pure and beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration—the poet,

who has felt the ideal in the rapt vision and divine fervor of his soul, who has penetrated into all the depths and mysteries of our nature, and who teaches us in strains of inspiration to live purer and nobler lives—these and such as these are truly and justly ranked as nature's high nobility. Peerless, self-reliant, and conscious of their high prerogative, they sway the spirits of lesser men with more than kingly might—with more than imperial majesty.

The blessings resulting from this law of inequality are great and invaluable. All but the Socialist and the Agrarian see the necessity of sustaining this law—all but the Socialist and the Agrarian enjoy and appreciate its benefits. It is the grand moving principle of civilization. It is the great secret and real law of human improvement. While there is "one glory of the sun, and another of the stars"—while "one star differs from another star in glory," so long must we expect to find inequalities moral and intellectual in the human race. The Almighty God hath ordained it as eternal and immutable, and no socialism, no *sans culottism* with its guillotines and its countless instruments of death will ever avail to reverse it. The people of our own glorious republic, while they advocate and require the equality of rights, will ever uphold and advance "Nature's first and imperishable and most lovely and most noble law," the inequality between man and man.

CHIVALRY

No age passes without its wonder. Every period of the world's history of any considerable length is associated with some grand object of universal attention. In many instances the character of these has been such as to leave an impress of their features upon manners and institutions for long succeeding time. They stand like some intellectual Coliseum, whose base indeed may be buried beneath the drifted sands of a few centu-

ries, but whose massive walls still overtop the accumulations that time must effect, and mark the outline of the whole. Among the causes that have thus been characterized by their powerful operations, the genius of Chivalry claims no inferior rank.

The Roman empire had been subverted. With Roman sway sank the sun of the arts, sciences and juridical wisdom which had so long shed its genial influence upon that great empire. It seemed to have risen from Rome alone; and when it set upon Rome, it set upon the world. A gloomy night succeeded and Europe seemed doomed to grope forever in the darkness of the middle ages. The barbarians that overran the Roman provinces, had, like the scathing swarms of locusts that invade the climes of Africa, left nothing but devastation behind them. The whole of Europe had in a short time become settled by these fierce and illiterate races. Naturally unaccustomed to restraint, and strangers to any principles of justice or humanity, they converted Europe into a vast field of lawless strife, rapine and bloodshed. Being ignorant, and as uncouth in mind as in manners, they constituted also a vast intellectual chaos. As they were unable to appreciate the advantages of the Roman jurisprudence, and the value of their literature and arts, they were at no pains to preserve them. On the contrary, they were as zealous in destroying the *institutions*, as they had been in reducing the *power* of the Romans. Thus all hope of reform from such causes was extinguished. The feudal system had degenerated into a system of oppression. Justice and truth were wholly subservient to interest and passion; and "the condition of the largest portion of every community was even more abject than that of the domestic slave." In such a state of things was there not need of a change? Good and wise kings had seen the need and attempted in vain to effect a reform. Still a change was to be wrought by other agencies. To elevate the society of Europe from such an abyss required a power of a different kind from that which a monarch could wield—a power that must grow out of the nature and disposition of the masses. The way for such an issue was evidently prepared by preceding events. The oppression of the pilgrims to the holy land was

the signal for a mighty outburst of the martial spirit of the age. For two centuries the armed hosts of the west thronged the shores of Palestine, and fought and fell in defence of the 'Holy Sepulchre.' At length the excitement necessary to render the enterprise one of public interest subsided. The 'soldiers of the cross' were convinced that the Turks and Saracens were invincible by them, and though the order of Knight Hospitallers of Jerusalem was not extinct until near the close of the eighteenth century, they were considered as having long outlived the age to which they properly belonged. The crusades were abandoned, but the martial spirit had only gained strength by the exercise. The profession of arms had become thronged, and the taste for it confirmed; and since its former channel was now obstructed, some new method of expending itself must be found. This, chivalry supplied: and by propagating the principles upon which it was founded, proved an important aid in elevating society. Communication with the East had in a measure worn off the roughness of those fierce warriors and given them some idea of what refinement was; while this institution, eliciting and cherishing some of the better qualities of the soul, duly marked out the path to its attainment. Justice, humanity, valor, truth, honor, and courtesy became the badge of knighthood. As justice rose in public esteem, oppression and lawless violence receded. Defenceless youth, age and infirmity found protectors from injury, and avengers of their wrongs; and the "Old Man of the Mountains" might lurk secure in the fastnesses of Asia, but a hiding place would scarce be found for him in the land of Chivalry. Did a cry of distress reach the ear, a gallant knight spurred on to the rescue. The coward was treated as his littleness of soul merited, and valor was rewarded. As the chief of virtues began to be *considered a virtue*, and its rigid observance became the boast of knighthood, the utterer of falsehood was despised and discarded. If bleeding honor called for satisfaction, the lance was couched to obtain it. When courtesy was looked upon as the ornament of a gentleman, refinement in manners and taste was indispensable. That such principles as these, sustained as they were, by a laudable pride, should

work a great change in the condition of European society, is not wonderful. The benefit accruing therefrom was not confined to the mere *order of knighthood*. Powerful influences concurred in extending it to the masses. Frequent tournaments were attended by all the splendor and pageantry of the court, and a people of such a character and in such a stage of civilization operated powerfully in rousing ambition and exertion. Who can say how many champions of right the "field of the cloth of gold" may not have created. Again, as the gallant knight rode through the mingled throng, deafening shouts of applause arose; fair ladies smiled and waved their handkerchiefs, while a glittering prize awaited to crown his deeds of valour. To all of every class who witnessed such a scene, the consciousness that by imitating such an example they might secure like honors, must have presented an incitement almost irresistible. And so it was. The ambition for such attainments kindled alike the soul of the noble and the serf, the monarch and the slave.

It is true there were extravagances. To gain the smiles and favor of his dulcinea, the romantic knight has sallied forth in quest of adventures, and braved dangers that might stagger the courage of the modern gallant; and to Cervantes is due the credit of apportioning such their merited ridicule in the person of his immortal hero. Many, however, glancing superficially at such manifestations hastily conclude the whole affair to be a wild and useless freak of the age, and turn with horror from what they call the "*bloodstained stage of chivalry*." But a judgment thus formed must be far from correct. On the contrary, the same principles lay at the bottom of all such manifestations, and these very extravagances only show with what zeal they were upheld. The genius of chivalry formed a step of no mean account towards the great climax of civilization.

THOUGHTS ON STUDY.

Notwithstanding the withering sarcasm and contempt with which the greater lights of our institution are wont to speak of those poor plodders who seem to think it possible to find any thing within the range of human knowledge that they do not know, we now and then see some who bear up under all this scorn and devote themselves with some eagerness to intellectual culture. Why the special interests of this class are so little represented in the Magazine, we do not precisely know. We notice in its pages frequent articles drawn from the 'inner life' and outer history of those who think that the true idea of a college course is a succession of good sprees—that the elixir of life lies underneath the cork of a champagne bottle, and the *summum bonum* of earthly bliss is included in a remittance from home. Yet we never see anything which professes to be suggested by the experience of the earnest student who is pursuing higher ends. Nor is it because such never discuss the various modes of study. Many of them are conscious of making advances entirely disproportionate to their opportunities and are anxiously considering the means of curing their defects. Now while many of the difficulties connected with this subject are of an entirely personal nature and can be solved by each for himself alone, without making his own decision a guide for others, still we are persuaded that an interchange of thought upon this subject would be productive of good results. A portion of our Magazine might be set apart for the purpose, as a column of an ordinary Gazette is devoted to contributions from agriculturists. If one farmer may learn from another the means of improving his stock or increasing his harvests, surely we can impart some valuable lesson to each other in our work of intellectual culture. Like the farmer we have various fields to till, we desire the richest returns for our care, and like him, to secure plenteous harvests, we may well use the experience of those who are engaged in kindred pursuits. And who can doubt that there is room for many valuable reflections upon the

modus operandi in study? Student's Manuals, from Milton's hints to Todd's directions, however excellent, cannot be so beyond all hope of improvement. Like the Almanacs, they are adapted only to certain meridian. They are founded on the observation or experience of the student's wants. But those wants are not always the same. They vary not only with individuals, but with the different stages of the same scholar's progress.

It is our conviction of the general importance of this subject, that has induced us to offer the following reflections. We are certain that there are some among us whose modes of application possess peculiar value, for there are some who are really making large and solid attainments. We can see their almost daily growth. Others again are striving with great diligence, but with a much smaller success than can be accounted for merely from the possession of more limited powers. Might not these latter be much aided as they climb the hill, if those who have attained a higher point would but turn to point the paths by which they have reached their commanding elevation? And if at any time we discover mistakes which have impaired the efficiency of our own application, is it unreasonable to suppose that others may have suffered from the same errors?

We have sometimes been impressed with the conviction that sufficient attention is not paid to the spirit of our general study. There is not enough of enthusiastic application. We attend to our daily employments too much from a mere sense of duty without superadding to this a disposition to rejoice in abundant occupations. There is a wonderful power in cheerful, hearty labour. The man who drags himself with reluctant steps to his daily toil suffers far more from the heat and burden of the day than he who sings or whistles as he goes. We need scarcely hope to grapple successfully with any subject which we do not take up with a cheerful heart. Not that it is impossible to do anything without this spirit, but we will not accomplish as much—we will not master all the relations of our subject unless we pursue its study from a lively interest. When would the Astronomer have learned to walk among the stars and hear the

O music of the far-off spheres, if he had gone to his nightly vigils or daily studies with any other feeling than that of enthusiastic devotion to the work? When would Heyne or Parson, Parr or Jones have been able to collect the varied treasures of the classic tongues, if they had sat down to their studies with the cold heart with which most of us bend over Horace, Sophocles or Homer? How would "the great commoner" have acquired that varied knowledge and that power of thought which enabled him at an *early* age when most of us are in college, to take his place among the masters of the English Parliament, if his Cambridge days had passed in heartless study? No, it is not mere labour that we need, it is spontaneous, earnest, joyous labour. Let us seek to overcome every thing like that listless, sluggish, indifferent method of study to which all are at times inclined. Let us learn to work with a will. We are not like the artisan who points the lance or tempers the sword, or shapes the cuirass, not knowing that it shall be used at all in deadly strife. We ourselves are to wield or wear them and the whole success of our future struggles will much depend upon the arms which we are now fashioning for the conflict.

Another error of which we have become painfully conscious as we look back upon our course, is the want of methodizing in study. We do not refer to the injunctions so much drummed into our ears while boys of having a precise time and place for every thing we do. That may be a valuable practice to many, but minds, as well as bodies differ in their size, and the Procrustean plan of cutting off or stretching out every one according to a certain rule may be as dangerous to the health of the one as to the existence of the other. We refer rather to a careful division of the subjects of study, comprehensive enough to include everything we can pick up as we go along and yet specific enough to enable us to find in a moment any piece of knowledge we have previously acquired. There is too little study founded on such a plan. We can think of nothing to which the general results of a college course can be more justly compared, than to a drawer which has been made the receptacle of every scrap and fragment of paper we may have wished to

preserve for the last two or three years. Here is a bit of verse, there a clipping from a newspaper, in the corner a pile of notes on civilization, in another an unfinished dissertation on political morals, and elsewhere notes on science, history, literature, (and what not?) strewn around in delectable confusion. An inspection of the furniture of the mental storehouse—if we may use Locke's figure—reveals a very similar state of things. Our regular course of study is very apt to result in such a congregation of mixed knowledge. We study classics, mathematics, mental, moral and natural science, history, belles lettres, and if we are only attentive, we will necessarily fill the memory with ideas and facts, notions and theories, but thrown in very much as the scraps lie in the drawer. Our knowledge may be varied and extensive, but it is confused and immethodical. We have need to make a general and thorough inspection of our minds, that we may find what we do really know, and then to arrange our knowledge in such a manner as will enable us to command it. This arrangement, as previously hinted, should be sufficiently wide and minute to include the results of future investigations, so that every fact and every thought may have its own peculiar place. We have been seeking to make such a division for ourselves, but have not yet hit upon one which seemed to answer the desired end. Perhaps some who have pursued this method in their studies will be induced to give the details of the classification they have adopted. We are confident that our employment would be more profitable, and at the same time more agreeable, if pursued under such a plan.

There is one more reflection which we will throw out, and then commend the subject to those whose thoughts have more value than our own. We do not set before our minds with sufficient distinctness the great ends of study. We need a motive constantly in view, strong enough to give greater intensity to our applications. There is an abundance of such motives to be drawn from every thing around us—from the wants of society, the value of truth, the beauty of holiness, and from the nature and condition of our fellows. Let us think of our capacities and of our duty, and having fixed an aim let us pursue it with

an enthusiasm which no difficulty can weaken, with a joyousness which no lack of sympathy will check, and with a steadiness which shall endure until the earthly mists and vapors which now cloud the truth, shall all be dispelled, and we shall see it in its beauty and grandeur amid the clear skies of the heavenly world.

J.

THE PIOUS MENDICANT.

There sat a beggar by the way,
The wintry sun had set;
Dark night had curtain'd in the day,
And he was cold and wet.

The beggar was a man of years,
Age o'er his temples play'd;
His soul—a fountain deep with tears,
Had often been betray'd.

From morn to night, from night to morn,
He knew no comfort here,
But daily was exposed to scorn,
To youthful laugh and jeer.

And yet this dark and dreary road,
For threescore years he'd trod,
Bearing submissively the load,
Decreed him by his God.

An ocean grave now held the few
His heart was wont to cherish;
The tempest rag'd, the hoarse winds blew—
That night he saw them perish.

Now kneeling on the frozen ground,
He lifts his eyes to heav'n,
Implores his Lord with plaintive sound,
That grace might still be given.

But 'twas enough, the old man sunk,
Beneath that starless sky;
His soul, the cup of life had drunk—
And now he reigns on high!

'Tis thus, full many a child of God,
Unknowing and unknown;
In darkness bears his Father's rod,
His path in sorrows sown—

In some glad hour of silent prayer,
Feels every sin forgiv'n;
Lays off the rags of earthly care,
And finds a home in heav'n.

TRUE TEST OF GREATNESS.

The acknowledged diversity of taste and of intellect among men, is no where more apparent, than in the diversity of mediums sought, through which to communicate to the world, whatever they may possess most calculated to impress it with the idea of their greatness. How varied then become the fields of labor, and how diversified the means employed to accomplish the desired end? The warrior and the statesmen, the philosopher and the poet, by different paths pursue the reward of their toil, and grasp the prize of their ambition in the glory of life. These are the pursuits, entitled the fruitful *sources*, of man's immortality in the memories of men; and in the judgment of the world, they are but too often recognized as the only posts worthy the occupation of her heaven-born geniuses—her *noble-men* of immortality. So prevalent has this opinion become, and so powerful is its influence, that he who does not seek to display his courage and tact upon the field of battle; or discover the plenitude of his power in the council-chamber of a nation; or image forth the depth and brilliancy of his intellect in the splendor of the mighty sciences, the beautiful conception of the fine arts, or the productions of inspired fancy, is denied the very elements of greatness; and because his noble ambition reaches not after the withering splendors of Earth, this is misconstrued into an inadequacy of power. But because history and experience are teeming with bright examples from these fruitful sources of popular greatness, does this prove that these are the *only* sources, which can give glory to action, or durability to fame? It proves, if it prove any thing at all, the existence and influence of that fatal prejudice, which sees no merit unless it

comes clothed with the attraction of some mighty deeds. That prejudice, which disdaining to look to the humbler spheres of action, and to lend the voice of encouragement to some noble spirit struggling with more than heroic fortitude against the difficulties which frugal nature and poverty have arrayed in his pathway; only chills the ardor of his soul quenches the fire of his exertions, by turning life itself from its proper channel. It is not generally speaking, *who* has contributed most to the advancement of man's moral and social happiness, or to the enhancement of his intellectual development; but *who* by the word of his power hath shocked and crumbled governments, and rent empires asunder—who hath produced the greatest sensation—what genius in its erratic flight, hath dazzled the world with its transient splendor, and struck it deep with terror and amazement. These are the idols of the world, these the stately pyramids of earthly grandeur, which stand forever in their *sublime* solitude. While the humble poor, who have sought by every honest endeavor to ameliorate the condition of their species to elevate and purify human character; who have hurled, it may be the blaze of gospel day, to the remotest bounds of heathen darkness, till the world is illumined by its glory; these sleep forever in the tomb of oblivion, unnumbered among the mighty of the children of earth. This is the prejudice of the world, which smiles over the eccentric flight of uncurbed power—this the world's passion for glory, regardless of the means by which it is attained. The true test of greatness is to be found, not in unqualified exertion of power, not in actions irrespective of quality, for they are only great as they are good. For what avails the exertion of superior strength and energy, if it be not the offspring of a pure motive? Or what signifies the amplitude of conception, the magnitude of deeds, or the comprehensiveness of plans, if they tend not to invigorate some attribute in the moral, social or intellectual character of man. They *may* be great in the power which gave them birth, great in the energy which swells and quickens their being—widens and perpetuates their influence—but they are to the world, worse than worthless, they are a curse. What is there in a powerful

intellect, which should command our respect and reverence, or even challenge our admiration; but the knowledge that in its proper direction and developement, there is a power which can influence the destiny of nations—alleviate the woes and sorrows of earth—and by the light of their example irradiate the path which guides man on to his destined perfection? These, were the charges bound up in man's creation—these the blessings intended to flow from his life; and whenever by corruption he perverts its channel, or by prostration of intellect checks its tide, he robs the world of a hope and a heritage; and lost to himself—lost to his country—lost to his God, he deserves to be remembered only that he may be despised. Merit should be, and indeed is, the only true foundation of greatness. Worth must ever make the man. If through the liberality of nature, some are more highly gifted than others, or better equipped for the warfare of life, it is no cause for congratulation that they have outstripped some less favored child of earth. Their claim to greatness is only just and substantial, when of the materials with which they are blessed, they have moulded a destiny consistent in grandeur, with the glory of their endowments. From such, let the world withhold not her admiration—upon such let her lavish her praises as the voice of encouragement, for they form brilliant exceptions in the history of man. 'Tis but too true, that those whom the world call her lofty geniuses, are often swayed by corrupt hearts, and though they would beat the path which leads to an exalted destiny, they are dragged to earth, maimed, mangled and crushed. Instead of a beacon blaze on the shore of time, they leave but alas! a fatal wreck, o'er which pilgrim man must pause and weep. It is not to the giant mind then, that we are to look exclusively for our examples of worth, or our models of imitation. We have them around us where ever we may go. Not such as move the machinery of government—not such as heat the passions of the world with the fire of their eloquence; but those who act for themselves in their own spheres; those who act in all the reality and responsibility of life; and the influence of whose action is felt upon the secret springs of society, in the quickening of its energies,

and the expansion of its powers ; seen in the radiant beauty moral and mental, which hallows the circle of their association ; whose voice small though it be, is as the voice of God, soon to become the harmony of the world. Despair not, because higher powers are acting in the drama of life ; or brighter lights are flashing upon the scene, but patient and persevering in thy toil, steady in thy sphere, remember that the glory of the sun departs with the day, and the moon, and stars are seen by night. Remember that the paths to worthy fame, are as diversified as the tastes, and intellects of men. In whatever sphere then, you may be called to act, act in the conscious pride of your individual strength—act with the power of a resolute heart—act with that earnest, energetic self-reliance, which grounding itself upon the spirit of Godlike majesty that should pervade and inspire all orders of human creation, breathes out the fire of its existence in the splendor of human achievements ; and widens often times the contracted arch¹ of individual life till it spans the glory of centuries unborn. These are they, who found their merit in the exertion of their power, these are they, who outrun the age in which they live. Though we may never hope to rival the splendor of their attainments, we may at least, look up and learn from their example the influence of an energetic, self-reliant spirit ; of that vital energy which breathes through their lives, which gives to their action a memory as bright and durable as the stars, and to their influence a pulse ceaseless as the throb of immortality in the mind of man. These are the children of her nurture, these are her warriors victorious in the world of strife. Remember, that when superior intellects astonish and bless the world by the miraculous display of their power, they are only figuring in that exalted sphere whither nature pointed, but to which the merit of their exertion alone could raise them. They are only moving on to their appropriate destiny, not under the claim of the high endowments, over which they are but the guardians ; but under that higher title of meritorious action. It is not essential to greatness that you should follow in *their* footsteps to glory ; but whenever with the powers given you, you accomplish your author-

ized destiny, you establish your greatness upon a foundation as immoveable and eternal as theirs, because it is the same; and your life forms a superstructure, not perhaps of the gilded magnificence adequate to enchain the vision of adoring man; but one whose intrinsic worth and grandeur, unknown to earth, is sufficient to reveal in all the splendor of ideal vision, a destiny equally as exalted in the world to come. Ever be mindful that man is only truly great, when through the proper exercise of his powers, he accomplishes the design for which he was created. Then though with him his name may live and die, though no countless throng shall visit the tomb where sleep the mighty dead, to weep o'er his fall, he will still be great—great in the purpose which controlled—great in the thoughts which comprehended—great in the action which through the means of life, accomplished its end. Here is the true glory after which we should all aspire, where the smile of God will be the light of our path and where hope vitalizes every exertion in foretelling the grandeur of its destiny.

THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

It was the hour of eve; the last rays of the setting sun were tinging with gold the tops of the green hills that surrounded the lovely valley of Mexico. When the proud sovereign of the Astec race was sitting in the gloomy halls of the Montezumas, with his face buried in his hands, he thought "of the scenes of by-gone times;" of his condition now and his condition then. He thought of his wielding the sceptre over thousands of loving subjects, who rejoiced to catch one glance of his approving eye. He was happy then; and when his dark haired daughters sang to him those heart-stirring melodies of Astec poetry, his very soul thrilled with joy, and gladness, and offered up a secret prayer of praise, and thanks to its God. But now how changed, how altered! He sat in the same palace; his people loved him

now as ever; they still honoured him as king; but that king's sceptre was gone, 'twas in the grasp of the Spanish chief; his crown was upon the head of his conqueror. And when he thought of the change, he wept; yes, bitter burning tears bedewed the cheeks of the monarch. An hour passed by—when throughout the mazes of the capitol, from every plain and hill top a cry of agony went up to heaven. 'Twas the requiem of Astec's sons for their king; Montezuma was dead. It was no paltry show of grief that actuated them—they bedecked not themselves in mourning robes—they paraded not in sight of their enemy with tearful eye, and cringing pace, repeating the name of the dead. But before the distant hills had ceased to echo the first cry of sorrow; each hill and valley, each glen and cavern, rung with the spontaneous shout of vengeance; till the green shores of Old Spain sent back the echo of those terrific words "blood for blood," mingled with the lamentations of Spanish maidens, widows, and orphans.

Tell me not of grief, when the mother has lost her only son, her pride, her heart's delight. Tell me not of grief when the husband follows to the cold and silent tomb the companion of his life, his support in sickness, his comforter in sorrow; nor when it comes to the maiden beneath the calm midnight dew of heaven, as she hears that the sword of her country's enemy has slain her only brother, or that he sleeps beneath the dark waters of the ocean. All this is grief; but when it comes to a monarch in the groans of a dying people, pursued by blood-thirsty slaves, chained by the sordid desire for gold to the sword, bred to butcher and destroy: when it comes in the wailing of infants weeping o'er the corpses of that monarch's daughters; when it comes from the clanking of the chains that bind that monarch to the pillars of his own palace; then it can make a sovereign weep such tears as ne'er did Scipio weep o'er the ruins of Carthage, or Alexander o'er a conquered world. He feels that his people are his children; that his arm or none, must protect them; that he must save or they are lost. Yet the tears that Montezuma shed, were but a dew drop in the ocean, compared to the tears of Mexico's sons for their father;

and the royal blood that with its crimson dye stained the walls of the palace, bore the same proportion to the rivers of gore that watered the valleys of Mexico, shed by Aztecs, revenging the death of their king.

B.

PERVERSION OF LANGUAGE.

"Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind."

YOUNG.

It might be a bold assertion to say that the poet had reference to any particular *locale* in the above lines, yet were any one inquisitive on the subject, we would not err in directing him to that ethereal race of scribes, who infest the literary walks of Princeton. Tallyrand's *bon mot*, "speech is a faculty given to man to conceal his thoughts," will apply to these promising buds of genius with equal appropriateness. They betray their conception of "nature's end of language," who take unto themselves waxen pinions, and soar in empyrean space, breathing rhapsodies in sentence, and uttering speech in words that mock the thunder itself; while they pile Pelion on Ossa, and when mountains fail, cry despairingly against the poverty of the English tongue. They doubtless have for their archetypes those model reformers who have taken the old Saxon tree, venerable with the frost of centuries, and still clothed in its native purity and elegance, to engraft upon its branches a host of sickly shoots, the growth of every clime; mingling their contaminating sap with that of the vigorous and stately old trunk. Need we mention the names of Carlyle and Emerson, so familiar to the sons of mystic lore; and young aspirants who cloak their own poverty of ideas in the thick mist of ambiguous terms, which descends, like the mantle of Elijah, upon the followers of these illustrious reformers? Nature's end of language can only be studied from nature herself, and who so fit as her own poet,

"Who warbled his native wood notes wild,"

to give her pure teachings embodiment in verse, or to express each gentle vibration as sorrow or love with tender touch sweeps lightly over the chords of the human heart. Who so fit to paint in vivid colors the tumultuous heavings of the heart as the billows of stormy passion roll across the soul; or the sway of reason, as from her lofty throne she bids the waves be still, and they obey her. Yet this language, which Shakspeare wrote, in which Thompson

"Sung the seasons and their change,"

is too poor to give delivery to their big ideas without the aid of syllables too ethereal for vulgar ears. What shall we say of that other class, equally numerous, who catching inspiration from such a theme as "The Poetry of Moral Sentiment," or "The Etherealization of the Imaginative Principle," essay to o'erleap the barriers fixed by nature to the range of thought; like a new fledged bird, which trembling on the brink of its little hemisphere, strives to stretch its flight to some distant bough, but falls fluttering to the ground, its tender pinions as yet unfit for such vigorous exercise. The dignity of sentiment, the purity of expression, and attractive force of that language, whose every word manifests the thought which prompts its utterance, is sought for in vain amid the ravings of their diseased imaginations. Their ears are open to no sounds but the rippling of brooks, the warbling of birds, and the music of the spheres. Their eyes see nothing but the sun kissing the dew drops from the petals of some beauteous flower. Their taste—*de gustibus*—they have no taste, except it be for *mushrooms*, for they need no stronger nourishment, feeding, as they do, upon the rich luxury of their own ideas! Language! no language is adequate to clothe their imagery in its appropriate dress. The smooth numbers of the original Greek, but ill accord with the harmony of their souls. The language in which Horace exposed the follies of Pagan Rome, and that in which Milton sang the fall of man and his redemption—these are too inadequate! In their vain attempts to give birth to a great idea, the vocabulary of languages, living and dead, is ransacked for a deep, high-sounding term, with which its dazzling succession of eupho-

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nious syllables is sent forth, like a comet with a sweeping tail, to astound the public. But these visitations are not unfamiliar to the public gaze, and the celestial phenomenon excites no other sensation than that of cool indifference. With unrelenting hand the great idea is disrobed of its rich embellishment, and like a naked palm in the desert of Sahara, it stands amid the wide waste of desolation; while to experience is left the task of teaching the *old* idea, how to shoot *again*. The aspiring scribe in bitterness of spirit rails against the inappreciation of merit by an unfeeling public, and hurls his tiny lightning at the powers who presume to sit in judgment on the works of genius. Their stern but just decrees fall like ice upon his ardent spirit, and he comes forth a frost bitten poet, but a wiser and a better man. Language has nobler ends, serves far higher purposes, than when made the instruments of palming upon an intelligent public, the worthless products of a sickly brain. To separate truth from error, to disseminate virtuous principles, to cultivate those social qualities which make the society of man delightful to his fellows—these are its legitimate ends—these the objects which make its proper use an unfailing source of happiness; its perversion, the greatest curse to man. Is it necessary to give example of its nobler powers, when rightly used? Accompany us to the Senate, and listen to the language which falls from the lips of the great statesman. Why this dense, this eager crowd, who with anxious eyes turned upon the expounder of political faith, gaze in breathless silence, their countenances expressing the various passions of hope, fear and anticipated triumph. They are not all agitated by sectional feelings, by party rancour or by party prejudices; but have come to listen to the defence of constitutional law, whose broad basis is the Union. The great principles of constitutional government has been assailed, the Southern Hercules, (peace to his ashes!) has lent his shoulder to the wheel, and the car of Judgment is about to roll over the remnant of constitutional law. The orator before us has arisen to undertake its defence, and as he gives utterance to the momentous truths he is called upon to expound, in language whose every word bears with it a

mountain of thought, which sweeps away with resistless force the sophistry of the opposition; were there the least trace of ancient superstition lingering in our breast, we would exclaim, "this is the voice of a god and not a man." His soul expanding with the theme, pours forth its eloquence, and men, yea stern men shed tears, "copious gushing tears;" while the defeated opponents who awoke the lion from his lair,

"Spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale."

Or again, when northern "fanaticism," through the champions of "higher law," came in conflict with the firm supporters of of national supremacy, before the withering language of deepest scorn, it hid its viperous head in the "*free soil*," from which it sprung. Need we refer to the eloquence of Chatham or of Burke, which held in awe the listening parliaments of Britain for further illustration of the power of language when rightly employed? Shall we take you to listen to the interchange of thought and feeling between friends long absent, but now returned to the scenes of childhood? or shall we conduct you to the bowers of Cupid? no not there, for the "set phrases of speech" find a sorry welcome in such haunts, and the tongue is mute; for lovers speak in the mantling blush, in the moist eye, in the downcast look, in the quivering lip, in the gentle pressure of the hand, in—short, who has not learnt this hidden tongue. Reader, there is another end for which language alas is seldom used. In the silence of solitude, when the heart of the penitent Christian pours out the language of contrition, as he holds communion with his God.

Piso.

SORROW.

It is a curious fact that many of our early mistaken prejudices differ from the truth not merely by an angular departure, but by a diametrical opposition. Thus forming our first conclusions

from a slight attention to the most sensible properties of the bodies which presents themselves to us, we naturally suppose that the water which in summer allays our thirst, derives its coolness from some underground vein, and finding farther that to a certain extent the deeper the well the cooler the draught, we are led to believe that the heart of the earth is perpetually cool; but a deeper investigation shows that we would not have to penetrate many miles, to find a heat that far exceeds that of the fabled Tartarus. We are apt to think that water fresh from the spring is warmer in winter than in summer, because it *feels* so; but a more accurate test proves that it is even colder. When we find so little warmth in the sunbeams that come exhausted from the winter solstice, we are disposed to conclude that the Great Ruler of the day is farther from us than in the season of his power; but in truth he is much nearer. This direct reversing of our first impressions is not confined to observations of natural phenomena, but must take place in many of our notions in regard to the circumstances which most contribute to our benefit and happiness. Sorrow appears to be an evil which all are careful to avoid. But when it has once overtaken us, its presence seems not so revolting as imagination had pictured it, while in its effects it often proves highly beneficial. Such is not the sorrow caused by the resisting throes of a violated conscience, or the keen pangs of remorse; but the patient humiliation of the soul beneath the hand of providential affliction. That sorrow, when present, seems not so disagreeable as when contemplated at a distance, may be partly owing to the fact that we are not fully aware of being under its influence; for like a fog when viewed from afar it looks thick and gloomy, but when around us, it vanishes into transparency. When grief is deeply felt, there is a self-complacency accompanying it, which is not without its pleasure. To feel the stubborn spirit gradually becoming plastic in the moulding hand of uncontrollable fate, while pride and ambition are driven out and their places filled by love, kindness and humility; gives us so much delight even in sorrow, that while we regret its cause, we would scarcely exchange the feeling it produces, for the intoxicating excitement

of mirth. But we may be still further reconciled to the fate which awaits us, by considering how salutary is its influence in fitting us to bear the afflictions, and perform the duties of social existence. The soul which has exercised fortitude in bearing its own sorrow, is better calculated to extend sympathy and assistance to others in distress. It acquires an amiable disposition which will overlook faults; an experience which will not suffer trouble from disappointment; a strength which will support it in every vicissitude. Almost every kind of beauty may have charms enhanced by mingling with it an appearance of gentle sadness. Music may delight when the merry voice of mirth is heard in every note, but it is the low melancholy strain that stirs the deepest emotions of the soul. We may admire a fair face brightened with the smile of joy; but we are still more pleased to see features lovely in themselves, softened into an angelic sweetness by an expression of uncomplaining sadness. And perhaps the world itself looks brightest and calmest to those who behold it through eyes that glisten with tears.

A travelling acquaintance—one of those casual intimacies which so often result in happy and permanent attachments—was once formed between two females. The one young gay and scarcely knowing what it was to have the slightest wish unsatisfied, was going on an excursion of pleasure. The other still in the prime of life had passed her childhood amidst the greatest affluence, but having experienced a reverse, was now forced to rely upon her own resources, and to steer her course unassisted through this stormy world. The former had lately met with some little cross which though trivial in itself, was sufficient to give great annoyance to one so little used to suffer. She now felt that there was some truth in an adage which she had often looked upon as unmeaning; and she gave it utterance—"This is only a world of misery."—With a look which evinced the truth of what she said and in a calm, sweet voice, her companion replied, "No, you are wrong; this is a bright, a beautiful, a happy, world." Such were the opposite sentiments of the two—a good index to their general disposition. When we view sorrow thus producing so many beneficial results,

it appears in so favourable a light, not indeed that we are induced to court its infliction ; but that we may endure it when imposed by the just and righteous decree of heaven, with a fortitude which will be sufficient to disarm it of its terrors. The forests of our Southern climate had rashly put forth their leaves before the season of winter had quite passed away, and the earth was clothed in a gorgeous foliage which could scarcely be surpassed by the exuberance of midsummer. But nature was deceived—Spring had only made a hasty visit to reconnoitre the land she was so soon to possess. A storm from the chill mountains of the North swept across the unobstructing prairies, and shook down a blighting frost upon the tender, premature buds. A scene of mourning ensued. The dead flower was shrouded in the blackened leaf. Far and wide the tree-tops looked as if a scorching fire had been raging among them. But amid this general desolation, there remained one favored spot which was still clothed with the green leaf, and decked with the beauteous flower. While all other parts had been exposed to the withering cold, a cloud had hovered with its giant form over this little oasis, and protected it from the falling ice. O who would not rather be sheltered even by a *cloud*, than have the tender feelings of the heart nipped by the frost that must fall from an unclouded sky?

H.

SCOPE OF ENGLISH POETRY.

To one perusing the early English poetry nothing so strikes his admiration, as the ingenuity displayed in the use of words and the peculiar aptness of each sentence, to express the desired meaning. While the French and Italian School seem to have looked entirely to the language of the passions, and to that soothing sort of poe^sie which sympathizes only with the softer sentiments ; the English have gone out from the soul and sought

the grand and sublime, now dealing with the lightning that flashes across the sky in momentary grandeur; now playing familiar with the wonders of Neptune's domains; and again, terrifying the soul with the awful sublimity of the tornado, and the earthquake. Take but a single instance—That oft repeated and wonderful verse.

High diddle diddle
The cat's in the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see the sport
And the dishes hopped over the spoon.

Here we are at once elevated to regions of which the French or Italians never had a vision. "High diddle diddle." There's magic in the sound. Upon swift pinions the imagination is wafted aloft until mounting above the stormy clouds she enters the starry firmament, and for an instant lingering she tears from off the star its shining cover, and reveals to us the mysterious domain of old St. Vitus, and that subtle influence he exercises upon us mundane mortals. In this St. Vitus Ectstasy, we gaze upon that wonderful throne and its grand old ruler, our eyes are actually beholding a phenomenon of which the philosophical world have not had even the most remote idea. Celestial spectacle! Precious discovery!! Etherial object of vision!!! "The cat's in the fiddle." Thrice happy minstrel. Thou thyself hast perhaps mourned departed friends. At the feet of this grey bearded old saint, upon an unstrung violin, lies soft and voluptuous as the last rays of an Italian sunset, the material substance of pretty, purring, pussey weeping over the remains of departed catgut. The voice of her wailing pierces every heart. The dignified friend she possessed in the vaccine herd was bewildered and lo we are told that

The cow jumped over the moon.

At this announcement how terrible must have been the suspense of that time honored individual "the man in the moon." Truly he might have wished a higher sphere where strong and valiant in body and far above the scene of strife he might be free from the pain of wars and rumors of wars. The old moon beholding

this treppidation of her venerable occupant, like Falstaff of old is said to have put on her horns and made ready to do battle with the approaching quadruped. How awful was the sight. The Ecliptic groaned. Ramsden's ghost fainted. The Parallax circumnavigated, the sun went into a decline, and Taurus beholding it from afar waxed red and roared lustily. Ever since there has been a milky way between night and morning, by which we may account for the healthiness of the Gemini. Wonderful most wonderful! But let us return for a moment to terrestrial regions, and mark how well these adventitious phenomena are described. We are told that "the little dog laughed to see the sport." So wonderful is this little incident, so rare its occurrence, that I believe there are but two instances on record of the dignified countenance of the canine species relaxing into a grin. Shakspeare (laying the scene in Venice) tells us that the dog (doge) smiled often. Beloved mother goose describes the joy of one, who having gone to a neighbouring undertaker's (Allen's perhaps) to procure her dog a coffin, returned and found him laughing. Yes the little dog actually laughed, and as he beheld the splendid curve made by the cow, as flying upon eaglets' wings, she jumps over the mother of even, he cried out as from the depths of his soul

The cow the cow the beautiful cow,
She jumps, she dances, she knows not how.

But let us turn our attention to the last consequence of this announcement.

Not only are animate things said to have called into action their most acute sensibilities, but we observe that the imagination of the poet has endowed inanimate bodies with the vital functions. It may be night. The fire no longer crackles on the hearth. The family caldron is no longer vexed with the burden of family stews. The culinary female is dreaming of the classic land of *Greece*. Morpheus has touched the eyelids of all with his magic wand. Suddenly mysterious noises are heard coming from the cupboard. You approach trembling in each joint, and lo on the middle shelf, low and prostrate lies a spoon, over which two plates are performing the most singular gymnastic feats

You imperatively demand the meaping of this jocularity, and from the depths of an immense turreen proceeds a voice

High diddle diddle
The cat's in the fiddle, &c.

Thus we see in this simple little verse are introduced phenomena, which to us are wonderful and grand. It gives us an idea of space; it transports our imagination to another sphere; and gives us new ideas of sublimity. Fortunate, most fortunate are the English in having such poetry!

EDITORS' TABLE.

As we launch forth our Magazine upon the sea of public opinion, we realize the full force of the assertion, "*Non erit emissio reditus.*" How many, after the performance of a duty, recall an omission in some particular, which did not attract their attention at the time! To how many inadvertencies does the mind revert, after the busy scenes in which they occurred have been numbered among "the things that were!" It is even thus with the author. He views imperfections in his publications, which in manuscript escaped his notice; and if a second edition of any of his works is called for, he gladly avails himself of the opportunity to revise and correct it. As no such opportunity will be afforded us to remedy the defects of this number of our Magazine, we send it forth. "*Mens conscia recti,*" and solicit the forbearance of those who take more delight in the detection of errors, than in the appreciation of worth.

It does not appear to be generally known that our first number of the second session is issued in March and not February. Hence the "Yale" inquires, "Where is the Nassau Literary?" To this interrogatory we reply, that it is now in-press, and will soon be travelling *ex-press*, to meet the *pressing* wants of our exchanges, and to *im-press* them with a sense of our punctuality.

Another semi-century lies entombed in the mighty past, but its annals speak not in the voice of former times. They are fraught with developments of science and art, which add new dignity to the power of thought, by the wonders accomplished. They bear record of great moral and political convulsions with which the earth has trembled; of the downfall of tyranny, and the establishment of liberal principles; of the penetration of gospel light into

the most darkened portions of the heathen world. In fact they betoken the progress of civilization, and the amelioration of our race. Roll on then thou mighty river Time, until thou hast accomplished the destiny of man, and then merge thyself into the ocean of eternity!

Nassau Hall presents her wonted lively aspect. The chill of solitude that settled upon her during vacation has been dispelled by the warm greetings of returned companions, and the gushing emotions of reunited friends. Queen Silence has been driven from her throne in these classic shades, by the hearty peals of laughter and boisterous shouts of merriment that echo through the Campus; and the lively strains of Ethiopian Minstrelsy that float through the entries in the morning breeze, and evening zephyrs.

We are inclined to believe that some modern magician, more potent than those who strove with Moses and Aaron, has been kicking up a *dust* in these parts. Our reason for this conjecture is that crowds of students were lately seen wending their way to Mercer Hall, to have their craniums examined by two individuals who professed a thorough knowledge of their contents.

We would respectfully recommend to the careful consideration of our worthy faculty, the propriety of introducing the study of *Path*-ology into our course of instruction. Some such step is absolutely necessary, for our *paths* of learning are so beset with "Sloughs of Despond," that full many a pilgrim who started on his journey with eager anticipations of future honor, has found his perseverance and energy insufficient to carry him even to the *base* of the Hill of Science.

Of course we may expect the circular containing the names of all those students who have for the last fifteen or twenty years proved defaulters to the *honest* tradesmen of this town, to make its appearance shortly. It has always been talked about just before the graduation of every class, and surely the labor of compiling, and the expense of printing such a document cannot delay its publication much longer. Perhaps if our friends would endeavor to dispose of their commodities at more reasonable prices, and to keep their books with a greater degree of accuracy, the evil might be much more effectually remedied than in the proposed method. We however think it probable that this evil is magnified by some of those who represent themselves as injured creditors deserving of our commiseration.

We would advise some of the enterprising spirits of this institution, to establish an antiquarian society to search for, and investigate its antiquities. There has long been a tradition handed down from class to class, to the effect that there is beneath the cannon in the Campus, a vast mysterious vault, formerly the resort of those who delighted in "deeds of darkness." The truth of this tradition should be examined into. There is, however, another field for antiquarian research, not so difficult to explore, and more likely to yield a rich recompense for the labor bestowed upon it. We refer to the obsolete Fresh rooms in the basement of North. How many a relic might

there be found that would throw light upon those portions of the history of our college, which have hitherto been obscure! Who knows but this is the very locality where are originated those mighty Fresh sprees with which we are still occasionally astonished? What more likely than that the present Fresh should delight to visit a place hallowed by such associations! Yes, there they may catch the inspiration of that "dare-devil" spirit, so characteristic of their predecessors; who have been known to resist the indignities inflicted upon them by the Sophs; to curl up their lips and return scorn for scorn with the Juniors; and "O Tempora, O Mores!" to endure the contemptuous glance of a Senior without flinching. As the sight of his native hills and valleys, desolated by the hand of a ruthless enemy, stirs up the patriot's blood, and kindles in his heart the fires of enthusiasm; even so, oh valorous Fresh, enter these old rooms, and there while weeping over the sad fate of thy persecuted class, indulge thyself in lofty aspirations, and inward resolves to stand by thy rights "sink or swim, survive or perish!" Perchance by excavation thou mayst find the bones of a martyr who perished in the river Styx (sticks), having fallen from the pons assinorum while endeavoring to cross. We commend these old rooms to the attention of those who enjoy the favor of the muses. Might they not serve for the foundation of an interesting romance wherewith to grace the pages of our Magazine?

We have heard that a certain individual was compelled to pay *Cost-in a Minor* court held in North not long since; and that this circumstance was the means of involving all those concerned in a great *stew*. In order to give greater variety to the repast upon our table, we procured the following articles; but for want of room we must needs let them stand upon a sideboard, to be called for when wanted:

Intellectual dwarfs, or small potatoes, warranted to be well *roasted*.

Lasses of sixteen, or sweet potatoes, very good, though not *dressed* in the most fashionable style.

Flattery, or sweet oil; should be used sparingly, as it is prone to render *truth* unpalatable.

Sarcasm, or the quintessence of vinegar; small quantity very beneficial—too much destroys the tone or *sensibility* of the stomach.

Ladies' lips, or delicious honey, which *never* palls upon the appetite.

Advice to *last-honor* men, or best recipe for *catch-up*; given gratis to all the guests.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The essay on "Modern Idealism as an element of Aestheticism," is altogether too mystical for our comprehension. The sublimity of his subject seems to have confused U.'s brain in the following sentence: "When, therefore, we contemplate the idealization which flows from a non-conception of these higher attributes: notwithstanding

ing which there still exists, as it were, an innate principle, unfounded upon any supposition of Aesthetic Philosophy, we feel that the truth of the above hypothesis involves an absurdity." Aye, verily we all arrive at the same conclusion, and perfectly concur in the noble sentiments advanced; but we are too modest to publish such erudition in our pages. We received the following note accompanied with an essay without a title:

"Dear Sir—Hearing that Mr. Editor was rather in want of essays, &c., I have taken the liberty of sending you a production of my own. In case he gets rejected, I could wish to have the bantling returned." The note speaks for itself. We are very much indebted to the writer, but we are not quite so destitute of "essays, &c.," as to *coop* his bantling. We will, however, give a few specimens of it. The chief faults are the style, and the want of *point* in the first part of the essay. One sentence runs thus: "The old gentleman, for he was very polite, had an odd way of moving his eyes, that did not tend to make one feel at home in his presence." Well, wherein did his politeness consist? Answer, O ye shades of the departed Chesterfield and Brummell! The above is a good index of the style. The object of the piece is to describe a visit to a wizard's den, and there are some good things in it, but very few. The following is an extract from the best portion of it: "Then the wizard took me and showed me a great pile of spectacles; I asked him what they might mean. He told me that there were many kinds of them, and said 'Of this yellow kind, when I shall have bestowed them upon a man, straightway he goes and forgets his own faults and sins; but the faults and sins of his neighbors forgets he not, for they are magnified in his sight.' Now there was one pair of spectacles at which I wondered much, for it was made out of two silver dollars joined together by a golden wire. 'This kind,' said the wizard, 'is the most excellent of all; for, to the man that weareth them the silver dollar placed before his eyes seem greater than all the world besides—yea larger than all eternity.'" The author then proceeds to describe certain "bundles of little serpents having forked tongues," some of which were white, and some black. The difference of color is accounted for by the wizard as follows: "O mortal, those which are white are for moral men, men of good standing; they are for fine ladies but not for their servants, &c." These passages are not only the best, but almost the only ones fit for publication. We can give no more for the want of space. If the author wishes to have his bantling returned, he can receive him by calling at 49 A. N. C., sometime when we are not at *grub*; and we will be happy to discuss the merits of his piece with him more at large if desired. All other contributions, except those mentioned, have either been inserted, or else consigned to that element which was the means of bringing unutterable wo upon Prometheus—may their authors be exempt from similar torments, is the parting prayer of the

EDITOR.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.—We have regularly received every number of the Boston Evening Gazette; three numbers of the Jefferson Monument Magazine; three numbers of the Yale Literary; the Amherst Indicator for January; the Erskine Miscellany of January 10th; the first number of Woodburn's News and Health Adviser; and the first number of the Collegian, published at Washington College, Pa. With this last, as a first effort, we were very well pleased, and willingly accede to the Editor's request to exchange. The editor of the September No. requests us to state that he has received the "Light of Home" for November. We ourselves are unable to speak of its merits, as our friend left it at home last vacation; but he informs us that it is in every respect worthy of its fair authoresses. If the Editresses (?) will please direct hereafter to the "Nassau Literary Magazine," we will be happy to exchange.